

DAY OF RECKONING

Moscow and the Dnieper spell for the Germans an ominous phrase—Day of Reckoning. One a conference and the other a great military defeat; both point decisively toward one goal—the day when the tyrant and the torturer shall be brought to book and some justice done to the ruined hopes and blasted lives of millions of the world's peoples.

Never before in history have the world's peoples been so determined to achieve a common end. All kinds of motives enter into this impulse toward a day of reckoning, but the aim is the same—to seek out the guilty and to bring them to the bar of the world's justice.

This day of reckoning is enshrined among the most precious of the war aims. It ranks with the restoration of democracy, with the destruction of Fascism, and with the clearing from the world's fields of the thorns and thistles which have choked their life for twenty years. There must come, men feel, a time when some account can be drawn up between crime and innocence, between murder and respect for life.

Ten Black Years

The last ten years have been a black period in the world's life. They have been so black at times that many ordinary men have given up hope of seeing a better world in their time. There must be a day of reckoning between those who have deliberately believed in the destruction of all that is fairest and best in men's lives, and those who have had to endure the pain and horrors of the devastators. There must be a day of reckoning for those who have pillaged the world's treasures of art and beauty, and who have stolen or destroyed the precious things of other countries. The world must again see clearly before its eyes the fact of things immortal triumphing over things which are mortal. Men in our day must see truth and righteousness exalted among the priceless gifts which cannot be flouted and sneered at.

A DAY of reckoning may be the grand assize for all the world to attend. By newspaper, by wireless, by picture, the world must be present at this great day when evil men are confronted with their crimes and receive due reward for their wickedness. It will be a time of learning for all men, a stern warning of truth and justice that never again in human history must these things happen.

Human Life is a Precious Thing

On this day the most potent decisions will be about life and death. We shall then know what men believe and for what they are prepared to go on labouring and sacrificing. Life has been held cheaply by the war criminals. The executioner's block, the hangman's rope, and the firing squad have been "glorified" in Europe. Their days are now limited. The day of reckoning will again assert that human life is a precious thing—that it is a gift of God and His most everlasting gift. No longer will human lives be looked on as pawns in a game, which armed men can play and always win.

Already the shadow of fear is creeping over the lands of the Nazis. The satellites as well as the principal culprits are beginning to cower in their haunts of cruelty. Death, which these criminals have so readily meted out to many human beings draws nearer

for them. They must hear a sentence pronounced on them for their defiance of humanity and their destruction of so many of mankind's fair hopes and dreams. It will be a sentence not simply of one court but a judgment of all men. For it is the ordinary people who cry aloud for justice. Before the bar that they have created the criminals must appear. In fact, they have already appeared. The harrowing slaughter of the Jews; the bombing of Warsaw, Rotterdam, and Belgrade; the slavery of millions of Europe's peoples; the brutalities of prisons and concentration camps; the herding of women and children together in unspeakable conditions—these in themselves ensure the first condemnation at the bar of the world. The names of the men who have directed and controlled these horrors are known in the hearts of the peoples.

The Restoration of Justice

These criminals cannot escape the day of reckoning. The cold fear of what is to come spreads across the Nazi lands. Their leader talks ominously of preventing another "1918." He knows already the impossibility of doing that. He has set in motion forces of destruction which are steadily pursuing him until they finally hold him in a grasp which cannot be loosened. The day of reckoning marches relentlessly nearer. Its purpose is a hard and determined one. It is as much a war aim as the restoration of freedom and the right of free speech. It is the restoration once again of justice in a world which has seen justice discarded and flouted.

THIS day of reckoning is founded on justice, which once again must be seen as a lovely, gracious fact in the life of man. Men must again love and respect it for its own sake. They must recognise it everywhere and be prepared to uphold it wherever they see its fair name being insulted. The day of reckoning for war criminals will be a great demonstration to all mankind of the permanent truth of justice. This fair flower which man in his finest moments has trained and tended as supreme among his great achievements will again flourish in the far places of the world.

The Things of Good Report

Out of the dark and "noisome pestilence that wasteth at noonday" will come for all the world a renewal of the fruits of justice, truth, and humanity. Out of all the horrors of the last years of our life we shall see a new order which will again plant men's footsteps on the royal roads of comradeship and happiness.

But first the horrors and pestilences must be cleared and the righteous judgment of civilised man at the bar of the world's justice must be seen and apprehended by all.

THEN, with the black record registered and remembered in justice, the world may turn its saddened face towards the things of good report. We may reshape our lives for the glorious things of peace and friendship with justice, truth, and humanity established for ever in the citadel of mankind. These are the hopes and dreams of countless millions as they look out on the great sea of Time, now dark, and now light. May the light soon shine in all the spaces of darkness, and hope, vision, and love be at last permanently enthroned among the world's peoples.

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Fighter Pilot

GUSTAF AND AXEL

A Tale of Two Old Friends

GUSTAF and Axel are two old friends who live together at Stöckholm in Gustaf's house, which is the finest and biggest in that lovely city. Both are over 80, both are widowers, and, in a way, both are retired, though Axel still watches over Gustaf's health as far as his very poor eyesight will let him.

Axel was not Gustaf's doctor, but doctor to Gustaf's wife, a very grand old lady who died some years ago. It is under Axel's advice that Gustaf has, for all practical purposes, handed his business over to his son, who is himself 61. Not that Gustaf is a sick man at all, despite his age; far from it. One of his great regrets is that the condition of Europe will not permit him to go to the South of France to play tennis, as he used to do, partnering many of our Wimbledon "stars."

We can easily imagine Axel saying to Gustaf, "Next year, maybe, my friend." Axel is as

anxious as Gustaf to see the Mediterranean for a change. He has a house there, in lovely Capri and longs to see it again. "Next year, my friend," we can hear Gustaf saying to him in encouraging tones.

Meanwhile, the two old gentlemen are very happy in the charming capital of their own country. They are good and famous men, of whom their countrymen are very proud, as they well may be. For when Dr Axel Munthe wrote *The Story of San Michele*, the world hailed it as a masterpiece of humanity and literary genius, and the book, which is largely about Axel's villa in Capri, was translated into many languages.

And among the first to honour the author was Gustaf the Fifth, King of Sweden, who thinks that a king today may well share his splendid palace with the grand old philosopher and philanthropist whom he is proud to call "friend."

Setting the World on Its Feet Again

THE oft-repeated declarations by Allied leaders that the world's impoverished nations will be adequately assisted as soon as they are freed from the Axis yoke are now being given practical form by the organisation known as UNRRA.

Delegates from 44 nations with their expert advisers have been meeting at Atlantic City in America to plan relief for all countries overrun by the Axis. The initials UNRRA stand for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which should prove to be a main factor in world relief. Its permanent chairman, Mr Dean Gooderham Acheson, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, has already said that he believes the administration should be ready to function by the end of the winter. In his opinion, the body will administer something between soup kitchen relief and a reconstruction of the world.

It has been estimated that UNRRA will require in the first six months of peace 45,855,000 tons of food and other supplies for the rescue of Belgium, Luxembourg, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Holland, Norway, Poland, and Yugoslavia. The chief item, of course, is food, which in the first six months of emergency will call for 7,322,000 tons. Other important articles are: 11,000,000 tons of coal and coke; 7,000,000 tons of timber, and over 9,000,000 of metals and manufactures. About one-half of these relief supplies will have to be sent by ship.

A Melody Maker's Strange Genius

WHEN Irving Berlin took tea at the London Palladium the other day with the King and Queen and their daughters, we think the two princesses must have been just as anxious to meet the famous little composer as he was to meet them.

We say this because Irving Berlin is a very unusual kind of composer. His first hit, "Alexander's Rag-Time Band," made his name over 30 years ago. Today it is as popular as his great war-successes, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and "My British Buddy," the song from his American Service Men's show. This is the Army, the royalties from which he has given to British charities. But the strange thing is that Irving Berlin cannot write a line of music.

He never has been able to write down the melodies which flow so readily from his brain. Some people could write out splendid songs, if they could compose

Mr Herbert Lehman, the director of UNRRA, in giving these particulars, said we have also to remember that at least 20,000,000 people, not counting prisoners of war, will have to be returned to their homelands in Europe alone, and pointed out how difficult was this part of the problem. The UNRRA is also preparing to rush seeds, fertilisers, and agricultural machinery into Europe in the wake of the successful Allied armies.

One of the important tasks of UNRRA is to decide the respective contributions by the nations. Some, like France and Belgium, with overseas possessions, have ample resources of their own, but others are not so fortunate. The rich nations, therefore, will make substantial contributions, the figure of one per cent of national income having been suggested. This means about £375,000,000 for the U.S.A., £80,000,000 for the United Kingdom; £22,500,000 for Canada, and so on. The estimated total is £625,000,000.

The more we consider the serious condition of the world in relation to the war, the greater appears the task of UNRRA, and we must wish well to the men who are working at its problems in Atlantic City.

them. Irving Berlin has to get them written out for him, for he has never mastered the art of transcription. Yet there are few song-writers living who can compose more melodious popular tunes. Irving Berlin is not the only composer of note who lacks this faculty, but he makes no secret of the fact, and indeed makes a joke of it.

We would expect that, for the little East Side New Yorker has an admirable sense of fun, which does not mind laughing at himself. He is utterly unspoilt, just as when he was a "singing waiter" in a New York restaurant in 1910. That was when he first began to hum to himself, and later on to sing to the customers, the melodies which soon made him famous. This quiet little man has made an excellent impression here, for we like people whom success leaves just the same as they were, simple, unaffected, good-hearted persons.

A CURE FOR COLDS

THE troublesome common "cold" is known to most of us, and it is now stated that a new drug has been discovered which appears to afford an excellent remedy.

This drug is said to have originated from an experiment made by Professor W. E. Gye, director of The Imperial Cancer Research Fund Laboratories. It seems that, at a time when he had been kept indoors with a severe cold, he received a sample of a drug known as Patulin. Like Penicillin, it is a substance derived from fungi. The sample was sent to him for tests in cancer cases, and Professor Gye, regarding its anti-bacterial powers, thought he would try its

effect upon his cold. He did so, and the next morning he was completely cured. So then he tried Patulin upon suffering friends and found that the results were again successful; only in one case was no improvement recorded.

Then the experiments were carried further by Surgeon-Commander W. A. Hopkins among naval units, who included Wrens at Chatham. After making three trials there was a strong balance of evidence in favour of the treatment.

Despite the apparent results, it is not thought well to release Patulin for general use until further experiment has proved its value and safety.

BRITAIN'S RECORD OUTPUT

THE Minister of Production, Mr Oliver Lyttelton, speaking on war output of war goods, says that our munitions production is now at the highest point ever reached, and is half as great again as in the first quarter of 1942. The output of aircraft is wonderfully good. In October it was the highest ever reached in this country; twice as many heavy bombers were then produced as in December, 1942.

With regard to the navy, 170 major vessels, from battleships to corvettes, were completed; counting all types, more than 2000 naval vessels will be finished this year.

Mr Lyttelton went on: "I say to the workers of the United Kingdom that the moment for the supreme hour has come. Now is the time to put in the finish which will carry us to victory."

Franco Explains

Spain has made an apology to the U.S.A. for Franco's recent action concerning the Philippines. The Caudillo recently sent a note of congratulation to the quiescent Laurel on his appointment by Japan to be "President of the Philippines," and now he has had to climb down and explain that it was a personal greeting to Laurel, and was not intended to recognise his puppet régime.

The fact is that the Philippines were already largely independent, and under their admirable President Manuel Quezon, who was elected in 1935 as the first to hold that office, have enjoyed Dominion Status ever since. That the Filipinos trust the sincerity of the U.S.A. in its promise of full independence has been demonstrated by their splendid record in the war against Japan, and by the large numbers of Filipinos fighting in the American forces in all fields. They are to be seen in the London streets, very proud of their uniform and medals.

KEEP THE BODY FIT

When Lord Horder advises us all as a doctor it is well that we should pay heed. In a recent speech as President of the newly established British Association of Physical Medicine, he said:

"The object of physical medicine is to keep the fit fit, and to make the near-to-fit quite fit. Physical medicine could play a large part in refitting physically, mentally, and spiritually those who are injured in these aspects by the life and death struggle against the sporadic outburst of barbarism. Under modern civilised conditions we have let our bodies go, as it were.

"There are quite a lot of folk bothered by anxiety and fear and sleeplessness and odd tricks played by their nerves. So let us give the body a chance for a bit, and don't let us think we are wasting time in doing so."

THINGS SEEN

Organised parties of children retreading footpaths after the autumn ploughing near Faversham.

A Greater Spotted Woodpecker on a pear tree in a garden near Holland Park Underground station.

Little News Reels

MR DUFF COOPER is to be the British representative with the French Committee of National Liberation at Algiers.

Over 6500 American aeroplanes have been sent by the U.S. to Russia, a greater number than even Britain has received.

Since the War Savings Campaign was launched over four years ago more than £6500,000,000 has been invested in National Savings.

In their spare time Dartmoor convicts are voluntarily making toys for wartime nurseries.

Excavating machines used in the construction of the Alaska Highway are being sent to the Welsh coalfields under Lease-Lend arrangements.

Moscow's underground railway, which is 27 miles long and has cost 140 million pounds, has just been completed.

40,000 books have been sold for the Red Cross Fund since the Give a Good Book Campaign began in April.

The "Clothes Exchange" for children's wear started in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and many North-Western towns has proved so successful that the scheme is now to be extended to include the clothes of grown-ups.

Youth News Reel

MANY foreign Scouters now in Britain are helping to run local Scout Troops.

Knowing how essential fats are to the war effort, Boy Scouts of Timmins (Canada) decided to make a collection, and produced 3790 pounds.

A repatriated prisoner of war tells an enthusiastic story of the welcome and help given by Swedish Scouts to prisoners as they passed through Sweden.

A 104-year-old Irishman, Michael Clerkin, still does farm work.

THE animal essay of the Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recently announced in the C.N., is open only to Scottish children in the 25 counties of the Society's area.

Less than half of one per cent of Allied shipping in convoy has been lost in the last six months.

The Nuffield Foundation is to pay for the training in this country of six Maltese doctors.

Starting from Montreal recently an Avro York passenger plane did the trans-Atlantic flight in 10½ hours.

No country in the world produces a greater weight of aircraft per head of its population than Britain.

EACH week on the railways of Britain a million trucks are loaded and despatched.

20,159 of the Land Army's 75,884 volunteers are milkmaids.

An eight-year-old girl broadcast a song from a BBC studio in the hope that her voice would be recognised by her seaman brother suffering from loss of memory in a New York hospital. The experiment was completely successful.

Flight Sergeant Arthur Louis Aaron is the first ex-ATC cadet to win the V.C., and the official citation of the award is to be read to all A.T.C. squadrons in Britain.

Standing on a hill surrounded by Japs, Sergeant Walter Bodt volunteered to signal for help for his platoon, using the code he had learned as a Scout at Brooklyn (U.S.A.). While signalling the sergeant was wounded.

The Hyde Park Shepherd Goes Home

LONDONERS will be sorry to lose "Jock" McGhee, the Shepherd of Hyde Park, and his two sheep dogs. They are returning to their home in the Perthshire hills, after being here since May, looking after the flocks of sheep in the Park and in Kensington Gardens, which have been rented from the Crown by a farmer.

Jock's real first name is Alfred; but what else could one call him but Jock, with his strong kilted figure and his lean Highland face? He liked London at first, and so did his two clever black-

and-white collies, Floss and Meg. But the food was one trouble, and other dogs which chased his young sheep was another. Also, as a prudent Scot, he found living "awfu' dear," for he is used to the very simple life of the lonely hills, where he was born and bred. He was only four when his father, a shepherd, too, first taught him about sheep, and he left school at 12 to make their care his chosen career and livelihood.

The intelligence and skill of his dogs brought Jock the offer of the post he has now given up.

A LOSS TO SCIENCE Save More Rubber

With the passing of Sir Edward Poulton, F.R.S., England has lost a distinguished naturalist, the study of insects being his special field. Son of a Reading architect, he began his zoological studies with enthusiasm in his early schooldays, and his interest never wavered.

Sir Edward was Hope Professor of Zoology at Oxford for 40 years, and honours came to him from many parts of the world as his painstaking work there became more widely known. He was an expert on the protective coloration of animals, and his researches into this natural camouflage confirmed his whole-hearted support of the Darwin theory.

Sir Edward Poulton was 87, and his life-work was an important contribution to progress.

The official Rubber Controller of the Ministry of Supply has pointed out that the largest consumption of rubber in these days of total war was in the large-size tyres used in planes, lorries, and omnibuses.

He looked forward to an increase in the supply of synthetic rubber made in America, but it is estimated that the artificial product will not be able to replace real rubber to a greater extent than 70 per cent. It is, therefore, essential that we should all strain every nerve to economise in the use of everything that is made of rubber. Unfortunately this covers a large class of useful articles, which makes it all the more important to save where we can.

A Botanist's Hat Trick

MENTION of the name Lebanon, which has been so much in the news lately, turns the thoughts to the mighty Cedars of Lebanon and it reminds a CN correspondent of a story of one of the brothers De Jussieu, the famous French botanists.

In 1737 Bernard de Jussieu was climbing Mount Lebanon, in Holy Land, when he came upon a very fine sapling of a cedar. He was anxious to take it back to France, but he had nothing in which to carry it. Determined not to leave his prize behind, Bernard carefully dug up the tiny tree, put it with some of its native soil in his hat, and carried it to his ship.

Unfortunately the voyage was longer than it should have been. Drinking water became scarce, and the ration for passengers was

cut down to half a glass a day. In spite of the hot winds which blew all the time. Yet Bernard de Jussieu sacrificed most of his water ration for his precious sapling.

This gallant lover of trees became so ill that his life was despaired of, but at last he reached Marseilles. Even then his troubles were not at an end, for a fussy customs official demanded that the soil should be turned, out of Bernard de Jussieu's hat to prove that he was not smuggling jewels into the country.

Finally the cedar reached Paris. There it was planted in the Jardin des Plantes, where it grew to be 80 feet high, lived 100 years, and was one of the most famous trees in the French capital.



At the Palace Gates

Two-year-old Sylvia Adams waits at the gates of Buckingham Palace for her cousin, Pilot Officer Thomas Whitcraft, who received a decoration from the King.

Black Harvesters For the Empire

Now that our own fine harvests are safely gathered in, let us give a thought to the land-workers far away who are contributing so magnificently to the war effort of the British Commonwealth, and of all free men.

Negroes in East and West Africa are getting ready for the ground-nut picking, and the Nigerian harvest has already begun. Most boys and girls know "monkey-nuts," but they do not realise the importance played by this fruit in world-economy. Margarine is made from animal fats, including whale-blubber, and from copra, which is dried coconut. But the "monkey-nut" is just as important a producer of margarine, and of many other food and medicinal essentials which

brilliant men like the great Negro George Washington Carver discovered and developed with such amazing benefit to the world.

The ground-nut grows almost wild, between other crops such as sisal or bananas. It requires very little attention, and repays what attention it does receive a thousandfold. It is a valuable crop that the men and women of Africa are now gathering for us; and Empire-builders like Lord Lugard, still at 85 as tireless as ever in championing the cause of the African native, do us eternal honour in the way they work to secure for the African Negro his little plot of land and ensure that he receives a fair return, under conditions of freedom, for all his hard toil.

COLOUR, DESIGN, AND STYLE

THE Lancashire cotton trade is going ahead for post-war prosperity.

A Colour, Design, and Style Centre to inspire and influence designers, manufacturers, and operatives has been set up in Manchester. Here are gathered together from all over the world exhibits of design and texture to show what has already been accomplished, some specimens going back through many centuries.

There are examples of the work of the Spitalfield weavers who, as refugees in the 15th century, settled in Lancashire and laid the foundation of the Lancashire weaving industry; others are from all ages of Indian and Chinese craftsmanship, and there are also specimens from Persia in the fifth century and from Egypt of the Pharaohs. The new centre will be of great value to the men and women of the textile trades.

A NOTE FROM A PRISONER

We hear much in these days of prisoners, and we hear much also of Algiers. It is interesting, therefore, to learn how very many years ago a prisoner in Algiers sent home a message.

He had a five-pound note. Before parting with it he wrote on the back: "If this note gets into the hands of John Dear of Long-hill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers."

After passing through various hands the note reached England, and the message on it was published by a Carlisle newspaper. Thus John received news of his long-lost brother Andrew.

Christmas Toys

Schoolboys of Dingwall Academy in the north of Scotland, appreciating that this year the supply of toys for local children in hospitals and in their own families would be extremely limited, are making toys. They have formed a Hobbies Club and attend two nights each week in the school workshop, each boy paying one penny a night.

The boys have the fullest use of school equipment, and are engaged on a wide variety of small toys which will be given as gifts in stockings on Christmas Day. The general shortage of materials has naturally limited the range of production, but wooden toys such as engines, steam-rollers, tractors, and trailers are all under production in this workshop.

Their effort has led to the proposal that after the war Dingwall, and similar Highland towns, might create toy industries for which the experience gained by the boys should prove useful.

KOFI HELPS THE WAR

Kofi Fitter of the Gold Coast is, as his name suggests, a fitter by trade. He has manufactured an excellent rubber processing apparatus from motor lorry spare parts. In appearance it is not unlike an ordinary mangle, but has steel in place of wooden rollers.

"As a contributor to the war effort," writes the Gold Coast newspaper, Accra Daily Echo, "Kofi Fitter deserves great credit for an ingenious piece of work. This news should encourage other enterprising fitters in the Gold Coast to turn out rubber processing plants of a similar construction."

Good work, Kofi! Keep the rollers turning.

A Modern Thoreau

ALTHOUGH Henry David Thoreau died more than 80 years ago, his spirit and teaching yet live. There are still Americans who embrace the creed and follow the practice of the scholar-recluse who was the trusted friend of bird and beast by Walden Pond, at Concord, Massachusetts.

One of these is a young American soldier from the open spaces whose trans-Atlantic voyage ended in some months of training in the English Midlands. Like Thoreau, he seems able to inspire confidence in any wild living thing, great or small; they all become tame in his presence. One of the triumphs of his leisure is the taming of that most timid of creatures, a wild rabbit, which feeds from his hand and wel-

comes his appearance with delight.

A greater achievement of this young soldier has been the conquest by kindness of a young rook which has grown up under his care, and, granted freedom, comes to him like a tame pigeon.

"You'll never see that again," said a CN reader to him the other day, as the bird flew off and alighted among the branches at the top of a high tree: "Won't I? Just you watch out," was the young naturalist's reply. He whistled, and, with a responsive caw, down swooped the rook, to perch on its American friend's outstretched arm. This is quite in the Thoreau tradition, with the English countryside for setting.

LONDON LIGHTHOUSE

During the last week or two observant Londoners crossing Blackfriars Bridge have noticed a small lighthouse on the wall above the river fire-station. It is a five-foot-high model of Eddystone, and it has a history.

Some forty years ago it was in a garden close by, but alterations to the embankment shortly before the Great War caused its removal to the Southwark headquarters of the London Fire Brigade.

During the blitz it disappeared, like many another landmark, but recently the lighthouse came to light again. It was broken, but unlike Humpty Dumpty it was put together again, and is now on the wall capped by a new lantern which will shine brightly when the blackout finally goes—never to darken our doors again.

A PLEASANT MISTAKE

Telling tales out of school, it is to be feared, Lord Beaconsfield once revealed an amusing little weakness of his excellent wife. She never could tell, he declared, which came first in history—the Greeks or the Romans.

The grandmother of a CN reader is perplexed by a name-difficulty of another sort. After she has listened to the news bulletin, with its sheaf of Russian place-names, one name lingers in her mind like a musical refrain. It is Veliki Luki. She loves it, but as she day-dreams she cannot be certain, she says, whether this name describes a "Turkish delight" that she used to enjoy in girlhood, or an exotic perfume scenting some long-forgotten romance.

THE WOLF AND THE REINDEER

In the Frozen North wild life matches the ferocity of the elements, and in Alaska marauding packs of grey timber wolves have long been wreaking havoc among the reindeer, slaughtering them by the thousand. Whole herds have disappeared, and men in the reindeer industry are alarmed lest the source of their livelihood be completely wiped out.

Only an intensive wolf-hunting campaign, followed by unremitting control, can save the Alaskan reindeer, and it is to be hoped that the U.S. Government will act before it is too late.

YORKSHIRE HOSPITALITY

Hospitality has always been one of Yorkshire's virtues, and we hear of a woman in a Yorkshire village who has been keeping up the reputation of the shire. Frequently she has entertained a number of Canadian airmen, and as she listened to their conversation she heard them mention corn-cob over and over again, learning that they missed this delicacy more than anything else.

So what did she do?

She bought some corn-cob seeds, planted them in her garden, and gathered her harvest. And now her Canadian friends are able to enjoy cooked corn on the cob!

JEWISH GRATITUDE

When Nazi leaders in Denmark urged King Christian to inaugurate a systematic persecution of all Jews in that country, he stoutly refused to take any action.

To show their gratitude, the Jewish people in this country have sponsored a scheme to plant a forest on the hills of Galilee to be known for ever as The Forest of King Christian.

Chilly Scholars in the Cloisters

COAL, already scarce in our homes, may grow scarcer with the next allotment. A fire in one room only is the rule in the average well-ordered home.

How, shivering scholars at their studies may wonder, did our ancestors manage for coal? The answer is that they had none. That is to say, none was used except in defiance of authority, for princes and Parliament down to Stuart days feared and detested coal as a poisonous agent, destructive alike of property, life, and health. Long after the Armada two tiny ships, plying from Newcastle, brought all the coal that London ventured to burn.

The fuel was coal and charcoal, and not all students had either.

Our scholars were for the most part monks, and down to the time of the dissolution of the monasteries the only collection of books were centred in the religious establishments. The libraries were the cloisters, the windows of which had no glass.

In the cloisters were cubby-holes, built against the outer walls. There, fireless, with desk and stool, the frigid student shivered and learned, and wrote his notes or copied his extracts with such scanty facility as cold and chilblains permitted. We, however, in spite of blitzes, have windows of sorts, and if denied sufficiency of coal can at least, with care and patience, burn coke in any ordinary deep open fireplace.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

FOOD IN FACTORIES

THE verdict of the Chief Medical Officer of Factories that more might be done to provide more varied meals in factory canteens has been underlined by the Ministry of Labour's Chief Canteen Adviser, Miss Mabel Berry. She points to three chief dangers in factory catering:

- 1 There is too much monotony.
- 2 Some canteen managers seem to think that anything will do for the workers. This attitude makes for unattractive meals.
- 3 Inequality of service should not be tolerated.

Our young friend, Smith Minor, reminds us that Napoleon declared that an army marches on its stomach. Surely this is also true of an arms factory.

Work For the War Disabled

THE Government have decided to introduce into Parliament before Christmas a Bill to make it compulsory for employers to find work for a minimum quota of men and women disabled through war service in the armed forces, civil defence, or industry. The British Legion is said to take the view that priority should be given to disabled ex-Service men and women over those incapacitated in civil defence or in war industry, but the important thing is that no efforts should be spared to train and fit all the disabled for useful occupation.

It is a debt that must be honoured and it is right that the Government should act in good time.

EXAMPLE

A YOUNG Army chaplain says that when he first asked for a "soft drink" at the officers' mess he was told, "We have no such things here." "Well," he replied with a smile, "you will have to get some for me."

Since then soft drinks have gained in popularity, and now for economy are ordered by more than half the mess.

Under the Editor's Table

A LONDON policeman has had many chances to get on, Golden opportunities for a copper.

SOME illnesses are cured by giving the patient a shock. Telling him what he owes for income tax.

A PAGE boy has won a prize for efficiency. Turned over a new leaf.

UTILITY dresses are not so plain. Some wearers may be.

SHOPPING is all waiting nowadays. So is serving.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the boy who was taken in was put out

Mass Production For Our Homes

MR ALFRED BOSSOM, M.P., who may be said to have led the movement in this country in the direction of pre-fabricated or factory-built houses, has recently headed a British delegation to the United States to make a practical study of what is being done there in the mass-production of house parts or sections by factory work.

It is idle to discuss this subject with prejudice. At the very least, much can be done to assist the housing problem by producing what may be called the domestic machinery of a dwelling. It would help enormously if, to take the most obvious case, the plumbing details were grouped in a single pre-fabricated unit and erected in situ. We can imagine a well-

planned kitchen unit to include the cooker, the hot and cold taps, the sink and the washing up appliances, all well arranged to save labour in building the house and to save labour again for the housewife. Every dwelling, too, should be fitted for wireless and a refrigerator in which food can be kept fresh.

Apart from what may be called the machinery of home life, the Americans have been studying the application of new materials, sound-proof partitions, and so on.

Who can doubt that if we open our minds to new ideas and allow mass-production to do for the home what it has done for the making of motor-cars, women will be able to reorganise their homes and with it their lives?

WUDGE AND ALL THAT

MR STUART HIBBERD, chief announcer of the B.B.C., has been speaking of the difficulty of pronouncing names. "Foreign place-names and proper names are an ever-recurring problem," he told the Royal Society of Arts. "But we try to tackle it in a commonsense way."

Mr Hibberd said that announcers do not necessarily set out to pronounce names as the native does. It is often impracticable, and he gave as an extreme case the Polish town of

Lodz, which in Poland is pronounced Wudge.

Lest we should hastily condemn this pronunciation as unreasonable it behoves us to remember that perhaps a Pole thinks it just as unreasonable to say Lund'n when our city is spelled London. And British people are certainly not able to pronounce all their own place-names correctly. We have often wondered in the past how many day-trippers went to Barmouth because they did not feel equal to asking for a ticket to Pwllheli.

An Exchange of Visits

IT is a great pleasure to record the arrangements for the exchange of visits by British war factory workers with their opposite numbers in America. The British visitors will have a six-week stay in the United States. Each party will consist of four workers who will visit factories doing work similar to their own.

The British party going to America will consist of representatives of the Transport Workers Union, the Amalgamated

Engineers Union, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, and the Union of Sheet Metal Workers. Our American visitors will represent the United Automobile Workers of America, the International Association of Machinists, the Clerical Workers Union, and the United Steel Workers.

May there be many such exchanges, not only during the war but when peace returns; and we should like to see the idea extended to all nations.

SCHOOL SHIPS

A VERY delightful suggestion has been made by the National Union of Women Teachers in a new memorandum on Education after the War. They would like to see special liners chartered to provide excursions of foreign travel for school children when Europe is again fit for sightseeing. Their idea is not sightseeing alone, but rather the very sound plan of promoting friendship between nations by bringing their young folk together.

We like the idea of these School Ships and the broadening of outlook which they suggest.

When the world becomes more settled and the fighting men have returned home there should be plenty of shipping available; and the cost would be but a small premium to pay for the assurance of better international understanding.



The Road to Health

The medical officer watches convalescent soldiers undergoing special exercises at No. 8 Convalescent Home in Algiers

FRANCE WILL RISE AGAIN

M. PIERRE VIENOT, who recently escaped from France and is now serving as the Ambassador in London of the French Committee of Liberation, has been speaking of France's relations with the Allies. Addressing the Anglo-American Press Association, he said that it seemed to him as though Allied opinion had a tendency to put off until after the war the care of French concerns. He begged us to believe that Frenchmen claimed for France full equality.

The France of tomorrow, he added, will have a lofty and proud sense of her dignity, and

this must be understood here and now. M. Vienot said:

"I know that all the Allies agree in wanting a strong France, a France who will again take her rightful place in Europe and in the world. They want this in friendship and from loyalty to our joint struggles for a common ideal. They want it, too, because it is in their interests."

France was defeated, it is true, and our own forces were defeated with them. M. Vienot need not, we think, fear that we shall fail in giving France the full consideration she has earned.

A Scottish Army 55,000 Strong

AN army of 55,000 Scots children have earned the thanks of their country for their tremendous help in getting under straw the biggest potato crop in Scottish history.

Mr Allen Chapman, Under-Secretary for State for Scotland, has declared that for the third year running Scotland had beaten its own record for potato production. But despite that increase, the crop had been got in in record time and with a minimum of loss.

That is entirely due to the schoolchildren. Without them

the crop would have remained underground and in danger of loss through frost. Over 3200 children from Edinburgh and Glasgow public schools were billeted on the farms at considerable distances from their homes, and lived in hostels for from two to four weeks. Over 7700 were given daily transport to the farms from the towns and cities, and 44,000 were employed locally.

So successful has this scheme been that the Government Departments concerned are already planning for a still greater school farm army next year.

Better Food For Jungle Fighters

FOR so small a nation Australia is playing a big part in the Pacific war, and perhaps we do not realise how heavy her losses have been. The latest figures show that 19,927 have been traced to Japanese prisons, and that 3421 of all ranks are still missing. Japan has reported a total of 10,173 Australian prisoners. So a large number of Australian families are still without news of missing men.

Australian experience of jungle warfare has led the authorities to issue better rations to the fighting men, the conditions being found ill suited to "bully and biscuits."

The new rations are issued in air-tight tins, measuring eight by four by two inches. The opened tin forms a billy, and the con-

tents of the tin are three one-pound packages, each representing one complete meal and each sealed in waterproof paper. Two packages a day are adequate to maintain one soldier in the field; three enable him to build up reserve strength. Each package contains four tea tablets, two making a large cup, two sugar tablets, two salt tablets, and milk powder. Gaps in the packages are filled with barley sugar.

The cost of these rations is high, amounting to 7s 6d, but nothing is held to be too good for men who conduct one of the most arduous campaigns in the world. Samples have been sent to England that we may have the benefit of Australian experience.

AFRICA REVEALS A SECRET

King Lobengula's Grave is Found

FOR fifty years the grave of the famous Lobengula, King of the Matabele, has remained one of Africa's great secrets. No one knew where it was except a few leaders of the Matabele people who were sworn to secrecy. Tribal traditions kept the graves of kings as holy places. Recently, however, officials of the Native Department in Bulawayo (the old capital of Lobengula) have learned that the grave lies in the Lubimbi Valley beyond the wild Shangani Country in Southern Rhodesia.

It was to this area that Lobengula fled in 1893 when his forces were defeated at the battle of Shangani. Ill and dejected, the old king, the last of his royal house, was said to have carried with him a great treasure of gold and diamonds, and also two chains presented to him by Queen Victoria. All this is believed to have been buried with him in the grave which has been declared a national monument.

Rhodes Visits Lobengula

Lobengula is still remembered by many of the older Matabele. He was at the height of his power when Rhodes was beginning his great adventure of opening up Africa for trade and commerce. Lobengula's lands were rich in gold and diamonds, and Rhodes and his friends visited Lobengula to arrange a mining concession. One of them, Mr Robert Thompson, has described how in 1888 he met Lobengula in Bulawayo, "a man of about twenty stone, tall, stout, well-built, looking every inch a king."

"His palace," continued Mr Thompson, "consisted of a pole stockade with about a dozen huts for the queens who were with him at the time. Within the enclosure was a private sanctum constructed of poles known as the Buck Kraal, which accommodated at night about five hundred goats. It was in this place that all the plans were concocted for smelling out and killing people, when the sacrifices had to be made for rain. The rain-maker was the king."

Lobengula was seated on a block of wood, surrounded on all sides by goats and dogs. We had agreed that we should greet the king as an ordinary gentleman, and that by adhering to this line of conduct we could not go far wrong. We had been told that we should have to approach him by crawling on our hands and knees and remain in a recumbent position while in his presence. We decided, however, to walk boldly up to him in the ordinary fashion, and this we did, to the evident surprise of his entourage. We handed him a bag containing a hundred sovereigns by way of a greeting gift."

Though a cruel man in many ways, Lobengula had shrewd insight and depended greatly for

advice on the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, to whom he granted much for their stations. One of them in particular, Charles Helm, helped Lobengula in the negotiations about the mining concessions.

Lobengula ruled as a despot over an enormous territory south of the Zambezi. He was almost the last of the great native rulers who maintained all the old African traditions. The annual feast was one of the great Matabele occasions. A visitor once saw it when "two thousand men appeared at six o'clock in the morning with long sticks, the tops made to look like the heads of Kaffir corn when it is growing. This was called the corn dance. These two thousand men stood and sang a slow solemn hymn imitating at intervals the winter winds, and then you saw their sticks waving like corn."

"For the great dance warriors were dressed in ostrich feathers and other caps. Their sharpened assegais were burnished like silver. They stood round the half-moon ten deep. They began the dance with a war song, to which they beat time with a heavy tramp. They never changed their ground, but kept a perfect line. The thud of their feet made the earth ring, and they sang at the top of their voices. Then the queens appeared, some dressed beautifully, although barbarically in beads and silk sashes of all colours and shades."

He Sat on His Treasury

In return for the mining concession Lobengula was given £100 a month, which he kept locked in a box on which he regularly sat. For five years afterwards he continued to rule in his savage, cruel way, training up bands of matchless warriors and regularly sending them on marauding expeditions. His power had to be broken if an ordered civilised country was to be created, so in 1893 Matabeleland was occupied by British forces, and Lobengula and his great chief Magwegwe died by their own hands and were secretly buried. The secret of the whereabouts of the grave has been well kept all these years. That in itself is a tribute to the awe and veneration which the name of their great captain still brings to the Matabele people.

He Made the Nelson Statue

NELSON has now been looking over London from his column in Trafalgar Square for 100 years.

Mr H. Clifford Smith, F.S.A., has been writing from the Athenaeum Club to remind us of Edward Baily, the sculptor of the famous statue, 17 feet high, which was set up on November 4, 1843. To Baily we owe a number of public monuments, including the group of Britannia with a chariot drawn by tritons above the grand entrance to Buckingham Palace, and the four

friezes of the Wars of the Roses in the Throne Room. He also gave us the two reliefs in the south front of the Marble Arch, which formerly stood in front of Buckingham Palace, and the nine-foot statue of Pallas Athene which graces the entrance to the Athenaeum in Waterloo Place.

Edward Baily was a pupil of Flaxman, and became a Royal Academician in 1821. How few people know as much as the name of the sculptor of the most famous statue in England!

CARRY ON

The Gods Be Praised, I'm Poor No More

THE Gods be praised, I'm poor no more!

Henceforth, my friends, consider me

A gentleman of property;
My days of bread and scrape are over.

Farewell to Fortune's frowns and frowns,

I've fifty crowns, I've fifty crowns!

Yes, every year

I pocket clear

A revenue of fifty crowns.

Comrades, the universe is mine!
I could, if so I chose, maintain
The splendour of a sovereign,
And with a hundred orders shine.

My roof shall never want a guest;
Relations, friends, of every hue,
Par excellence, my comrades,
you,
All shall be fêted on the best.

Farewell to Fortune's frowns and frowns,

I've fifty crowns, I've fifty crowns!

Yes, every year

I pocket clear

A revenue of fifty crowns.

Pierre Jean de Béranger

If Anybody Would Make Me the Greatest King

IF anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on the condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king—I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.

Lord Macaulay

LOVE DIVINE

O LOVE Divine, gift upon gift
bestowing,
Source of our life, the Manna
from above, [flowing]
As living water flowing, ever
From the vast ocean of Eternal
Love.

O Love Divine, absorbing and
indwelling, [purifies,
Like to the sun which draws and
Flooding with light, whose purity
excelling
Renews and liberates, then glori-
fies.

O Love Divine, beyond all
human knowing,
High as the heavens, deep as the
deepest sea,
Filling all time and space—like
breezes blowing
We feel Thy power, and pause,
aware of Thee.

Ellen Hainsworth

Dean Alford's Prayer

O LORD, make us kindly in
thought, gentle in word,
generous in deed. Teach us that
it is better to give than to
receive, better to forget our-
selves than to put ourselves
forward; better to minister than
to be ministered unto.

THE WORK OF THE ANGELS

IT is not in the broad and fierce
manifestations of the ele-
mental energies, not in the clash
of the hail, nor the drift of the
whirlwind, that the highest char-
acters of the sublime are devel-
oped. God is not in the earth-
quake, nor in the fire; but in the
still, small voice. They are but
the blunt and the low faculties
of our nature, which can only
be addressed through lampblack
and lightning. It is in quiet and
subdued passages of unobtrusive

majesty, the deep, and the
calm, and the perpetual; that
which must be sought ere it is
seen, and loved ere it is under-
stood; things which the angels
work out for us daily, and yet
vary eternally; which are never
wanting and never repeated;
which are to be found always,
yet each found but once; it is
through these that the lesson of
devotion is chiefly taught, and
the blessing of beauty given.

John Ruskin

Faith and the Sword

THE stream of history has
now been turned

Into the boundless ocean of the
free;

Humanity, in travail, now has
learned

That war is better than foul
tyranny.

Faith has not flinched before the
firing-squad,

And life to those is not accounted
dear

Who see in strife the holy Face
of God,

And in the surge of battle find
Him near.

The sword itself is powerless to
rebuild;

Its task is now the evil to
destroy;

With faith and love our spirits
must be filled

If we would see the city of our
joy.

The sword shall make all tyranny
to cease,

That we may live in justice and
in peace.

T. Pittaway

THE MAGIC OF TINTAGEL

WHO that has seen it can forget
Tintagel? It is a bit of the
magic of England, as wonderful
in truth as in imagination. It is a
sight that has not changed for a
thousand years, and will not
change for a thousand more. In
the evening when the sun is
setting, sinking into the Atlantic
from something like a flaming
battlefield, we can think it is
true about King Arthur and his
Knights. A deep sense of some-
thing mysterious comes upon us;
then we can believe whatever
Sir Thomas Malory tells us of
Arthur and Guinevere and Lan-
celot, anything Shakespeare tells
us of Prospero and his spirits.

We are one with the peasants
here, who all believe it. They

will not pull a foxglove because
it is the fairy's home. They will
not pluck a blackberry because it
is the fairy's food. They know
quite well what the pixy ring
means on this hill outside
Arthur's Castle; they know quite
well that the spirits of Arthur
and his Knights inhabit this wild
place. There is his head chiselled
on the rocks, carved by the
master sculptor of the universe,
Nature herself; never was a
plainer or a nobler head chiselled
by the Master's tools. It guards
his castle rock where the sea
rushes in between the mainland
and his island, the silent sentinel
of Time keeping watch on the
hills of King Arthur.

Arthur Mee

The Daily Teachers

LOVE had he found in huts
where poor men lie;

His daily teachers had been
woods and rills,

The silence that is in the starry
sky,

The sleep that is among the
lonely hills.

Wordsworth

LOOK TO THE END

MY soul, sit thou a patient
looker-on;

Judge not the play before the
play is done.

Her plot hath many changes;
every day

Speaks a new scene; the last act
crowns the play.

Francis Quarles



THIS ENGLAND

Winter solitude by the old
mill at Chiddingstone, Kent

SONS OF A GREAT ARAB KING

THE two young sons of Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, have come to London to see for themselves something of Britain's great war-effort. That is a good thing, for Ibn Saud is the most important of all Arabs, particularly for Britain.

He is so because he rules the most powerful Arab State, and rules it well, with a combination of Oriental "fatherliness" and modern statecraft. This tall and soldierly ruler has not tried to turn the vast spaces of his dominions into an imitation of Europe or the U.S.A., but he has improved communications, chiefly by telegraph and radio, and supplied his forces with tanks, aircraft, wireless, and other up-to-date equipment, though they still depend very largely upon the "ship of the desert," being camel-borne, as Arab warriors have always been.

The trade of Saudi Arabia is of a very special kind, largely in spices and perfumes. Centuries ago, when these commodities were literally worth their weight in silver, if not in gold, the "spices of Araby" passed through many greedy hands, including those of Egypt and Venice, before they ever reached the remote markets of the West. Though now they flow easily into European ports, and are no longer the rarities they used to be, they are still very valuable, and it is likely that they will bring still greater revenues into the coffers of Ibn Saud. He needs all the trade he can get, for though he has now brought his proud tribesmen into good order, he can only maintain good order by firm administration, which, of course, costs money in his sparsely populated and extensive country.

It is vital for world peace that firm and wise administration

like that of Ibn Saud should continue in the Near East, where in the past few years we have seen such important strategic and political developments. Saudi Arabia is already by far the most settled and solid of the Arab States, of which there are more than many of us realise. It may be that Ibn Saud will yet create an important Arab Federation which will have much to say in the affairs of the world. If so Britain will certainly not oppose the move.

The Arab Empire of long ago made brilliant contributions to the religion, the science, and the scholarship of the world at a time when Europe was in its Dark Ages. In mathematics, in philosophy, in medicine, Arab genius led the way for many generations, and countries like Spain and Sicily owe much to that distant source.

Ibn Saud did not have an easy journey toward power. He had to fight every inch of the way, and Englishmen like Lawrence and St John Philby saw at first hand how tense and continuous that fight became in the critical days.

But this astute ruler knows how helpful to him is British goodwill, and we in our turn, with all our millions of Moslem subjects, desire the friendliest relations with this great Arab ruler. Those relations will be enhanced by letting Ibn Saud's sons see something of the might and wisdom of Great Britain at home.

Better Schools and More Teachers

THE National Union of Teachers is naturally and properly interested in the Board of Education post-war education plans, and it declares that if those plans are to be carried out the present establishment of teachers which numbers 150,000 will need to be raised to 250,000.

This calls for the thorough training of applicants now serving with the forces, and it is thought that the recruitment should be for men and women who were not more than 25 years of age when entering the Services. It is thought that no one should be allowed to qualify for a school post until he or she has reached 21 years of age.

The recommendations of the National Union include:

The improvement of the conditions of service by the provision of better school buildings and amenities,

Reduction in the size of classes, One standard of staffing in all schools,

Improvement in salary scale,

Greater freedom for teachers and better recognition of the status of the profession, and

Exclusion of unqualified or semi-qualified teachers.

This matter is of extreme importance. Sir Richard Livingstone, of Oxford, says he has received a letter from an officer in the forces in which he says, "I should like to teach after the war, but I want to be sure of a wage on which I can bring up a family." Many others must be in the same position, and Sir Richard asks us to consider the prospect for a secondary teacher under the Burnham scale. Outside London the maximum salary is £480 a year, with only half that sum for pension. This does not compare well with what a man of good ability can expect in business or the Civil Service.

Sir Richard urges that it is unfair both to the individual and to the interests of the country to under-pay highly qualified men. He thinks the way out is through adequate family allowances, which would encourage the right people to enter the teaching profession while solving the problem of equal remuneration to men and women in it.

FATIGUE DE LUXE

The performance of a fatigue is not usually a popular pastime in the Army, but there was an exception the other day in a north of England military camp.

The orderly sergeant is noted for the unorthodox way in which he gets the best out of his squad. But even the most willing privates were taken aback when, instead of detailing a number of them for a fatigue, the sergeant mildly inquired if any man there would volunteer. Some of the men were suspicious. Some were quite frankly unwilling to do any fatigue for anyone, even for their popular orderly sergeant. After a time one or two men stepped forward, then two or three more. "I want a dozen volunteers," urged the sergeant, and at last twelve men were standing in a line, all feeling ridiculously virtuous.

Then, looking along the line, the sergeant said crisply: "Your fatigue is to sit in the stalls at the local cinema—the manager has sent me a dozen free tickets. Good luck!"

THE IMMORTAL HOLBEIN

Honouring a Great German

AN exhibition of works by the German painter, Hans Holbein, at the Victoria and Albert Museum marks the anniversary of his death in London 400 years ago. Art has no boundaries, and we honour a genius whatever his nationality.

Hans Holbein was born at Augsburg, in Southern Germany, in 1497, the son of a painter of no mean ability, who taught his greater son his art.

Before he was twenty Holbein had revealed supreme gifts as a painter, and when he was 21 he married. With the coming of a family his responsibilities increased, but he was still a struggling artist. He had friends, but no money. His greatest patron was the immortal Erasmus, who prepared the way for The Reformation.

But the Reformation had a paralysing effect on art in Europe, and it drove Holbein

England in 1532, only to find More in disgrace and conditions greatly altered. So Holbein for the time being devoted himself to painting portraits of the German merchants whose headquarters were in the City. And he prospered.

It was in 1536 that he first entered the service of Henry the Eighth, and such was Henry's faith in the fidelity of Holbein's painting that he sent him to the Continent in 1539 to paint a portrait of Anne of Cleves. Holbein, however, here gave way to the courtier in his nature and painted a beautiful woman instead of the heavy-featured princess. The king was delighted with the picture. It confirmed all the reports brought to him by those anxious for him to take Anne as his fourth queen. When the marriage was agreed upon, and Anne eventually arrived in England, the fat king mounted on a horse and lumbered down into Kent to get a peep at her. When they met he was so horrified that he forgot to give her the presents he carried, and declared that she was more like a Flanders horse than the Venus Holbein and the courtiers had pictured.

How the artist got out of this scrape we do not know, but his glorious talents undoubtedly made a real appeal to the vicious sovereign, and Holbein seems to have found his services not distasteful. If all else failed, they had one common bond—a love of art.

It was the plague which ended his career in his London home. On October 7, 1543, he probably knew that he was mortally stricken, for he made his will, and between then and the end of November his death occurred. He lived up to that time in a house in the parish of St Andrew Undershaft, and it is believed he was buried in the church of St Katherine Cree.

So passed one of the greatest of all portrait painters, as gifted with his pencil as with his brush. In his essentially German thoroughness and attention to detail Holbein was supreme, and this quality, allied to his powers of observation and his undoubted genius, bequeathed to us not only a legacy of priceless art but a truly penetrating study of his age.



A self-portrait of Holbein

from his home. He knew that Henry the Eighth was encouraging artists to visit England, so to England he came in 1528, with a letter of introduction from Erasmus to his friend Sir Thomas More. More, who was then Chancellor, warmly welcomed him. He took the artist to live with his family at Chelsea, and there Holbein remained for over two years, painting magnificent portraits. Sir Thomas More stood in high favour with Henry at that time, and it is said that it was at his house that Holbein first saw the King. Henry realised at once that here was a master, but Holbein did not yet enter his service.

More gave Holbein introductions to people of eminence and wealth, and the artist painted innumerable portraits. These enabled him to return to Basle and buy a house, but circumstances were still too much for him, and he came back to

South Africa's Bishops on the Colour Bar

THE fourteen bishops of South Africa have issued a protest against what is known as the colour bar.

They say that the idea that white men belong to a superior race is entirely repugnant to the Christian religion. There are differences of culture and education, but these will account for themselves. Discrimination based solely on the colour of a man's skin is entirely contrary to the New Testament's teaching.

The bishops say: "We affirm that the effect of the colour prejudice is cruel, wasteful, and dangerous. Cruel, because it deprives its victims of an opportunity

of making full use of their capacities and talents, thus causing frustration and despair; wasteful, because it deprives the community of the skill of many which would otherwise be used for the benefit of all; and dangerous, because unjust treatment meted out by one section of the community to another creates fierce and ever-increasing resentment, with results that no man can foresee. With solemnity we urge our own church people to think out anew their own attitude, and confront this colour prejudice and its attendant results with this statement that we have made."

BEDTIME CORNER

A Million Little Diamonds

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their
hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams
came
And stole them all away.



Make-do and Mend

THE CAT, THE EAGLE, AND THE SOW

HIGH among the branches
of an old oak tree an
eagle was rearing her young.
A cat and her kittens dwelt
in a hole in the middle, and a
sow with her little pigs sheltered in a hollow at the

bottom of the tree. One day
the cat climbed up to the
eagle and said:

"My good neighbour, we are
in great danger. That dirty
sow below is digging at the
roots of this tree so that she
can overthrow it and get at
our young ones."

The eagle was very frightened,
and the cat then left
her and visited the sow.

"I hope, neighbour," she
said, "that you do not intend
to go abroad today."

"Why not?" asked the sow.

"Oh," replied the sly cat,
"I overheard the eagle
promise her young a fine fat
little pig for dinner the first
time she saw you go out!"

From that time the cat
always went out for food by
night, so that the eagle and
the sow should think that she
kept careful watch. Accordingly,
they, too, stayed at
home so that their young were
all starved, and became a prey
to the cat and her kittens.

Beware of mischief-makers.

PRAYER

BLESS our home, dear Lord,
I pray. Keep it pure and
free from sin, and grant that
we may live therein happy
and peaceable to one another
and helpful to all those
around us. Amen.

WAR AND THE TIMETABLE

WE hear much of *timing* in this war. None of our great bomber raids on enemy targets could succeed without the closest attention to timing—the early appearance of the Pathfinders to locate and light the site, the arrival in due time of the bomber planes, the ordering of their manoeuvres and their final run-up for the attack without waste of effort.

That is timing on a relatively small scale. More wonderful examples were the assembly and voyage of the vast fleet that effected the landing in North Africa, and afterwards in Sicily and at Salerno. Any failure to observe the timetable might have resulted in the gravest disaster to the Allied arms.

We shall hear much more of this urgent matter of timing when the Second Front is opened.

The day will come when not merely our own and the American forces have to keep strictly to time for their own immediate purposes, but other Allied armies have to be considered in the scheme of timing.

Failure to observe this law of the clock and the calendar led, last century, to the loss of a campaign that affected history.

With England keeping the seas, Russia and Austria bound themselves, in 1805, to attempt the overthrow of Napoleon, whose lawless action against the rest of the Continent at that time and later seems to have been the pattern that Hitler has sought to copy. The upshot was that, while the campaign had to be started in Germany, Russia would send her army there

to combine with the Austrians.

The Russians were eleven days late for the rendezvous, so Mack, the Austrian field-marshal, who not only mismanaged the battle of Ulm, but was left alone to do so, sustained a stunning defeat, with not a Russian near to support him.

Yet the Russians, in spite of their being eleven days late, really kept their promise! The astonishing explanation is afforded by Baron Hormayr, a historian who was long in high office at the Austrian court, where he had access to official documents.

The reason why the Russians, while late, seemed to themselves to keep their engagement to their allies, was that, in planning the timetable, the Austrians thought only of the Gregorian calendar, used by the Western nations, whereas the Russians followed then, as they did until 1917, the Julian calendar, which was eleven days behind the other.

Napoleon profited from this astounding stroke of fortune by entering Vienna a conqueror, and, two months later, won the greatest of all his victories, at Austerlitz, where the Russians in their turn were decisively beaten.

The Value of Water

TO us at home pure drinking water is abundant, but our men of the Eighth Army have learned to assess this priceless boon at its true value. In his new history of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr G. M. Trevelyan also has a hearty note in praise of water. He tells how, in its early days, the College derived revenues from an adjacent Franciscan friary. "But," he says, "though we soon parried with the land of the Grey Friars, we still retain their water," and he shows what a precious heritage was this supply when pure drinking water, there, as elsewhere, was so rare and valuable.

Both in the early days of Trinity College and for long afterwards similar difficulties and dangers affected the water supply of London. True, the capital

had the Thames, and an abundance of running rivulets, but death lurked in those polluted streams.

When Shakespeare lived and laboured in London, in order to obtain water believed to be pure families had to buy it at the door as we now buy milk. One of the immortal characters in Ben Jonson's plays, Oliver Cobb, is a water-bearer, as these vendors were called.

With what he calls his tankard and stopple Cobb supplies the wealthy and the tradespeople with well-water, which he carries from street to street. In the play he is represented as saying, "It's six o'clock; I should have carried two rounds by this," a reminder, not only of London's water-needs, but of the early hour at which it then began its business day.



You would be surprised if you knew the ways in which our little peacetime friend is cutting out things for victory. It helps to make all sorts of war machines, and then, in Hospitals, provides the convalescent with recreation and rehabilitation. So please don't grouse if the HOBBIES FRETWORK OUTFIT you badly want is not obtainable at the moment

Diamonds That Burst Apart

SIERRA LEONE, the West African Protectorate with a Spanish name meaning Lion Range, has provided a surprise. Established 155 years ago as a free home for African slaves who had come within the influence of British philanthropists, it grew famous for its nuts and palm oil.

Moreover, from time to time, small diamonds in plenty have been found. Hitherto the yield of these mineral riches had supported the theory that big diamonds were not to be found in Western Africa. Now, however, this inferiority record is shattered at a blow, for Sierra Leone has just yielded the world's eighth largest diamond.

It is a stone of splendid quality, weighing, unpolished, 530 carats, which is less than one-fifth of the Cullinan diamond in its first form.

Even the Cullinan may at some future time be eclipsed in magnitude by the finding of a still larger part of it. Some diamonds contain slight cavities filled with gas at enormous pressures. A variation in the pressure of the diamond's subterranean conditions may cause the stone to be overcome by this intense internal strain and to fly apart.

The late Sir William Crookes, the eminent scientist, who made a minute examination of the Cullinan before it was cut, declared that this king of gems had suffered such a fate, and it was, he said, probably less than half the original gem; the other half, he asserted, may yet come to the hand of some fortunate finder.

Sierra Leone's contribution to the gems of the world is not one of the gas-charged, bursting type, but solid and unflawed diamonds less stable have brought tragedy to many a seeker. In the mine such a diamond has seemed immense and perfect, but, on being brought to the surface, under varied temperature and pressure it has simply flown to pieces.

THE BRIGADIER FROM WHITECHAPEL

Among the prisoners whom the Japs are repatriating from the Far East is a Brigadier-General Morris Abraham Cohen, an East End London lad who rose to become, in the years "between the wars," one of the leading figures in China.

General Cohen fought with the Canadians in the last war, and after it was over he went to the Far East where his rise was rapid, for he is a brilliant organiser, and was responsible for building up much of the effective strength of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's fighting forces. The great soldier and administrator who is now President of China reposed supreme confidence in the former East End lad, and relied on his advice to a remarkable extent. When it became known, some time ago, that General Cohen had been captured by the Japs, it caused anxiety, for he had been very much a thorn in their side, and it was feared that they would make him pay the penalty for his work against them.

It is good to know that he is safe.

GETTING TO KNOW AMERICA

A BETTER understanding between the English-speaking Peoples should be one of the happy sequels of this war. We all hope for it with all our hearts, knowing well that much misunderstanding still hinders Anglo-American relationship.

This misunderstanding is retarding progress, obscuring all-important questions, endangering hopes for the future. But it is only a cloud—a cloud of imperfect sympathies and ill-adjusted view-points—and it can be dispelled with goodwill and knowledge.

That essential goodwill and knowledge is being spread on both sides of the Atlantic as never before, and it should gladden our hearts. America, for example, recently had a British Book Week to teach Americans more about us. Over here a new magazine is being published with the express purpose of fostering transatlantic goodwill; and, of course, all over the world British and American fighting-men are learning to appreciate each other's qualities in the helpful atmosphere of a common cause.

A very useful contribution to a better understanding of America is a new sixpenny booklet published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Chatham House, St James's Square, S.W.

Far from being difficult or dry-as-dust, this booklet is easy to read and to understand. Called simply, *The USA*, it is an excellent, concise but comprehensive account of that vast country on which much of the future well-being of the world depends.

It begins with Geographical facts and figures revealing amazing diversity and distances; few people realise, for instance, that Texas, the largest of the 48 States, is about three times as big as Great Britain. There is a chapter on the 131 million Americans, a good deal fewer

than half of whom are of British descent; and other chapters on their Historical Background and Economic Strength. Here again we can learn some astonishing things; for example that the United States, though with only 7 per cent of the world's population and area, in 1937 produced over 60 per cent of the world's petroleum, nearly 40 per cent of its iron ore and copper, and over 30 per cent of its coal.

Most of us could say that America's system of government is democratic, but few could explain it. This booklet tells us the functions of the President, who holds a position that, for the period of his office, roughly combines that of both the King and Prime Minister in Great Britain; of Congress, which consists of the House of Representatives with 435 members, and the Senate with two members from each of the 48 States; of the Supreme Court, which upholds the constitution; of the Governments controlling the domestic affairs of the States; and of the Electorate and the Political Parties.

The two closing chapters explain the New Deal and American Foreign Policy; and the book ends with a list of books for further reading. We should like to see at least one copy of this booklet on the USA in every British school, and we commend it to CN readers.

Your CN

Readers of the Children's Newspaper who have difficulty in obtaining regular copies are advised to place an order with their newsagent immediately.

FREE £10 IN CASH PRIZES WAITING TO BE WON

Follow Michael and Monica in their adventures, and fill in the missing words.

THE SPY-CLISTS. "That's to-night," said Monica. "What on earth does it mean? Is Miss Skinner the (1)—?" "No," said Michael thoughtfully, "because the (2)— came by parachute. Is Auntie Mary certain she saw the new schoolmaster come off the train?" "No," said Monica, "she only (3)— it must be him. Do you mean he's the spy?" "Looks like it," said Michael, "and Miss Skinner's helping him." "Of course," said Monica excitedly, "Don't you (4)— she said the school house had been (5)— over by the R.A.F.? It must be some of their (6)— he's going to steal. What are we going to do?" Michael looked up at the sky. "It'll be dusk very soon. You get on your B.S.A. and ride to the police station and tell Sergeant Bailey what we've (7)—. I'm going to watch the school house to see that the spy doesn't escape. If he does I'll follow him on my B.S.A. and (8)— white paper signals at cross roads to show the police which way he's gone."

When Monica had ridden off to the police station Michael got on his B.S.A. and rode to the school house, where he kept watch (9)— behind a hedge.

All you have to do is to supply the 9 words which have been left out of the story. Write each one against the proper number in spaces provided on this form. Fill in your name, address, and date of birth, cut out, paste on back of a postcard (Postage 2d.) and post to B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Missing Word Competition, Dept. N.5, Small Heath, Birmingham, 11, to be received not later than 1st. January 1944. There are 3 prizes of £5, £3 and £2 for the best and most apt sets of answers. If two or more entrants tie for any one or more prizes, the prize or prizes will be divided equally between those entrants. Not more than one solution may be submitted by an entrant. The competition is limited to boys and girls under the age of 15 on the 1st. December, 1943. The decision of B.S.A. Cycles Ltd. is final and no correspondence can be entered into. Names of winners will be published later in this paper.



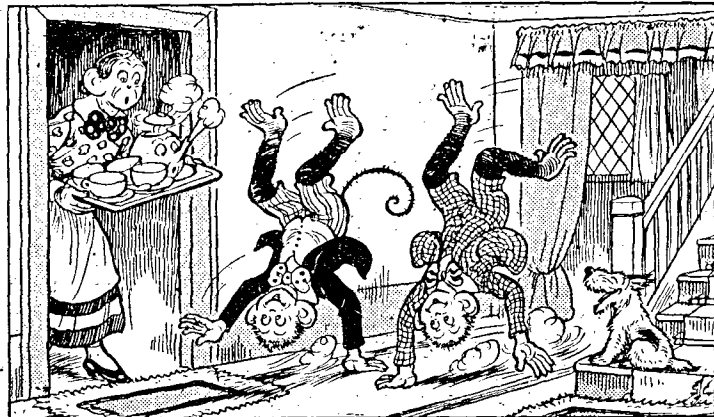
ENTRY FORM No 5	
Name.....	1
Address.....	2
	3
	4
Date of Birth.....	5
	6
	7
	8
	9

And don't forget to get your parents to put your splendid new B.S.A. Bicycle on order for you. They're scarce because of wartime, but you'll get your B.S.A.—if you're patient.

BSA The Bicycle you can't beat

THE BRAN TUB

Jacko and Chimp in Reverse



EVER since Jacko and Chimp had been to the travelling circus they had tried to emulate some of the deeds of the acrobats. They had become so expert at walking on their hands that they thought the time had come to do so indoors. "I'll race you right through the house, in at the back door and out at the front," challenged Jacko. And this is the sight that startled poor Mrs Jacko as she walked into the hall with a laden tray. It was teatime—but not for Jacko and Chimp!

What Education Will Do

"Mrs. Moggs," said the mistress severely, as she entered the newly-cleaned room. "I can write my name in the dust on this table." "Just think of that, mum," replied the daily char. "I always did say there was nothing like education!"

THE ROOF

SAID James Nathaniel Miles: "My roof is not a thatched one, Nor made of slate or tiles, Nor yet a broken, patched one." "What is it then?" asked wee Georgina Mary Louth. And James replied: "It is, you see, The roof of my own mouth."

A Motto For Your House

WITHOUT God's Hand
No house can stand
In this or any other land.

PARADROMIC RING

TAKE a ribbon of paper and paste the two ends together, but before doing so turn one end over so that the paper ring has a twist in it. Now if you start at any point to draw a pencil line along the length of the ribbon, preferably in the middle, you can keep straight on without lifting your pencil until you have marked both sides of the paper.

This is called a paradromic ring, and if you cut along the pencil line you will find that instead of the paper falling into two parts you will get one large ring.

A Musical Critic

PIPED a lark when a plane roared along,
"My dear fellow, your music's all wrong,
I declare, on my word,
You're a very fine bird,
But you're singing a very poor song."

A PRUDENT PUDDING

"Let us haste to the feast," said the Fork to the Spoon, And the Spoon replied briefly, "Yes, let's." But the Pudding turned round and cried "Good afternoon! Safety First is my motto, my pets!"

A Useful Wrinkle

WHEN making up a Meccano model, taking clockwork to pieces, or doing anything else that necessitates the use of tiny screws and small parts, a good plan is to lay a looking-glass on the table and to put the little pieces on that. Each is reflected in the glass and so appears double its usual size, while the smooth surface enables the parts to be handled much more easily.

SAFETY FIRST

NEVER cross the road immediately in front of a vehicle, though there may seem plenty of time to spare.

Never run into the road without first looking both ways.

Never cycle between two vehicles; they may close in upon you.

Never, when walking with others in a narrow road, scatter to opposite sides at the approach of a vehicle.

Never cycle off into a side street without raising the arm in warning to those behind.

Never step off into the road while walking on the path without looking around.

Other Worlds

IN the evening, Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the late evening Jupiter is low in the east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east and Jupiter is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, December 4.



New Blind Man's Buff

WHEN there are a number of people in a big room much fun can be caused by reversing the old game of Blind Man's Buff, all the players being blindfolded except one. He has to avoid being caught by the blindfolded people, who are busily engaged in catching one another.

WHERE THERE IS NO TOY THERE IS LESS JOY

We must not disappoint the children this Christmas. With your aid we shall be able to obtain all the toys we need. And the little extra in the home makes all the difference at this season. Please help us to make this Christmas a cheering and inspiring time for the poor of Stepney.

REV. PERCY INESON,
EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885),
Bromley Street, Commercial Road,
Stepney, E.1.

Famous for drawing!

For over a century Gillott's have made the finest quality and the widest range of drawing pens in the world... the favourites of famous artists. At present supplies may be limited, but the excellence persists.

By appointment to the late King George V.

Gillott's Pens

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD.
VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

A Rhyme Without an E

IN this three-verse poem every letter of the alphabet except e is used in every verse, and e is used nowhere.

The Fate of Nassan

Bold Nassan quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain grot to scan;
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild;
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain,
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that plain?

Vainly for succour Nassan calls,
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls;
But prowling wolf and fox may joy,
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

NO WALKING STICK

"WHY do you always carry your umbrella?" asked the bore. "Because it cannot walk," retorted his victim.

A Visitor From the Arctic

THE snow bunting, which is about as big as a skylark, and in flight much resembles the lark, is a winter visitor, which may be seen this month in open places and on the seashore, particularly in the north.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Father and Son

Fifteen and a half years ago the father was three times as old as the son, their respective ages being fifty-five and a half and eighteen and a half. Three years hence the father will be twice as old as the son, their respective ages being then seventy-four and thirty-seven.

Harry's Address
Number 5

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the B B C broadcasts for Wednesday, December 1, to Tuesday, December 7.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Silver Cup, a fairy play from the Isle of Man, by Kathleen Killip, produced by Nan Macdonald.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Sleeping and Waking: songs by the Edmundund Octet, conductor J. Edmunds; followed by Rom-Bom-Bom, a story from Java, translated from the Dutch by Antonia Ridge, told by Olive Harries. 5.50 Letter from America, by Olive Shapley.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Box of Delights, by John Masefield, adapted as a serial play by Robert Holland and

John Keir Cross—Part 4, Maria's Adventure.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Mike the Marmoset: a story by Frances Bellerby. Songs by Vivian Worth; and a talk by F. N. S. Creek on Soccer.

SUNDAY, 5.20 David, by L. du Garde Peach—Part 3, King over Israel.

MONDAY, 5.20 the Girls' Training Corps, a recorded feature by Bettine Rampton, produced by Lionel Gamlin; followed with a song recital by Muriel Herbert, and Building a House, another bush tale by John Elin, told by Mac.

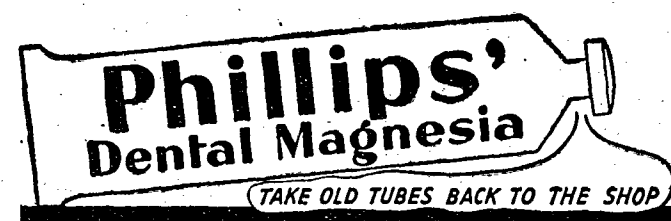
TUESDAY, 5.30 A Country Programme with song and story.

His teeth need YOUR care-

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without

cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.